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CORBETT A WINNER.

He Knocks Out Mitchell in the Third Round.

FULL DETAILS OF THE CONTEST.

Mitchell No Equal to the American Champion Who Knocked the Foreigner Around as He Liked—The Fight Lasted Only Nine Minutes—Corbett Was Unscratched—Both Principals Arrested.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Jan. 26.—The great prize fight between Corbett and Mitchell is over and America now claims the championship of the world. The fight took place out in the sand dunes of East Jacksonville. A white-washed fence there surrounds an inclosure, whose circumference is half a mile. Inside, a barn-like roof covered the ring in which the battle was fought. Away from its sides and upward sloped the benches for spectators, above whose heads was sky and clouds alone.

A drizzling, disagreeable rain fell for several hours in the morning, but by 11 o'clock the clouds began to clear away, and with the slackening up of the moisture the streets filled with eager crowds.

Strangers arrived in great numbers on every train, and the hustling for admission tickets and transportation to the arena, which is about a mile and a half out, kept up with ever increasing vigor. A force of workmen were busy all morning getting the ringside ready.

The big doors of the entrance being thrown open, there was a rush for places assigned by ticket, and a greater stampede for the bleaching benches which were available to those who came first. It had been said that the seating capacity of the amphitheater would be 8,000, and while there were some empty spots here and there, the crowd seemed well nigh large enough for the space.

Both principals, together with their parties, were driven to the arena in carriages and went direct to their dressing-rooms to prepare for the battle.

At 2:10 o'clock, Bat Masterson of the Mitchell party appeared in the arena and in reply to a question said that Mitchell was in the very best of shape. He said that Mitchell would be seconded by Jim Hall, Steve O'Donnell and "Pony" Moore, the father-in-law of Mitchell. Masterson said he would act as time-keeper for the Englishman.

A few minutes afterward Corbett made his appearance. Hats and umbrellas went wildly into the air as Corbett, clad in a long bath robe, with brown stripes, walked through the aisle. He was for a time unable to proceed on account of the throng of people who pressed around him.

No sooner was he seated in the ring than another yell at the door announced Mitchell's arrival. As Mitchell climbed into the ring Corbett's face was a study. He eyed Mitchell with interest and a sardonic grin played over his face which said as plainly as words, "I have you now." Mitchell was impassive, neither smiling nor saying anything. Brady and Delaney then evoked more enthusiasm by turning the Irish and American flags, and hanging them over the post in the southeast corner of the ring.

Denver Ed Smith declared that he wanted to fight the winner for \$10,000 a side.

When Corbett threw aside his robe he appeared clad in nothing but a red, white and black trunk. He wore black shoes and dark brown gloves. Mitchell wore white gloves, black shoes and trunk, and his right wrist was bandaged. Corbett refused to shake hands, and time was called.

Details of the Rounds.

First round—Corbett, at the call of time, sprang to the center of the ring, with his man just emerging from his corner. Corbett fought with the same style guard he employed so successfully in the combat with Sullivan. Mitchell's guard was low, with his left hand tending downward, and his right hand went in over his heart. The Englishman was forced to the south ropes by feints and for a full minute the men stood or pranced, feinting and fiddling about. Mitchell finally shot out his left for the body, falling short in the effort, Corbett endeavoring to counter, unsuccessfully. They came together in a clinch, Corbett at once anticipating his opponent's move by putting the heel of his opened glove up against Mitchell's nose.

Mitchell then, after a couple of efforts, got in with his left on the stomach of the American, Corbett countering with his right to the ear and bringing the color to the Briton's face. Mitchell twice led for Corbett's ribs, landing both times, but short in each instance. Corbett continued nursing his man around the sides of the ring as Schaefer would the ivories in a long rail run. Corbett landed lightly with his left, Mitchell making good with two body blows, one to the short ribs and the other the chest, both light, and landing without leaving any superficial traces. Mitchell again sent out his left, falling short and doing no harm.

On another lead from Mitchell, who was being penned on the ropes and thus forced to lead, Corbett planted a light left over the heart of the Englishman. Mitchell once more tried to fight his man off by leading with his left, the American countering with his right for the head. Mitchell avoided it by his clever and famous duck. Just before time was called he led for Corbett's face, landing lightly as his man was going away from it, and then following it up he repeated the blow. When Corbett went to his corner a smile of self-confidence lit up his features as if to say: "He's weighed and found wanting."

Second round—Corbett, as in the first round, got the stage corner and kept Mitchell up against the ropes throughout the round, Mitchell once reaching

the center by taking to his feet, and getting out of a tight corner in which Corbett had hemmed him. Corbett led with his left reaching the face of his antagonist with a jolt which shook the man from her majesty's domain. Mitchell led with his right, Corbett getting out of reach, and then retaliating in like manner. Corbett forced the foreigner to the southeast corner with his right, and on Mitchell's ducking, uppercut the latter with a short-arm left.

Mitchell ran in on Corbett after this, the American driving him off with a left-hand blow in the region of the kidneys. Corbett shot out his left "hook" to Mitchell's face, and, drawing back quick for a repeater, found the Birmingham man with his left arm about his own neck in a clinch. Corbett brushed Mitchell off, and getting him in close quarters a second later, sent in a right-hand uppercut to the heart of the alien. Mitchell cleverly got away from a left-hand swing. Corbett, who evidently saw that he had the battle won, followed in, and at close quarters brought his right in over Mitchell's heart. The blow was a powerful one and had much to do with the speedy success that came to the champion.

It was at this juncture that Mitchell first got to the center of the ring. The crowd saw him wheel about after the heart blow and hissed at him as he ran away from Corbett, some of the spectators crying out aloud above the din and hisses, "Chantilly." Corbett kept up the pace. He was bent on finishing the battle as soon as possible. He sent in his left and right by turns, smothering Mitchell and shaking him up to the point where most men will lose a fight. Corbett led again with the left, coming up full against Mitchell's wind and doubling to the neck, back of the ear. Another instant, and in trying to evade a left feint, Mitchell ran up against an admirably aimed right, which crashed into the heart just above where the former one had found lodgment.

Corbett once more uppercut his man with the right, and was handling him now as he might a novice. Mitchell swung his left short and then the native began to mow down his antagonist. He led with his left and again timing himself for the recoil, caught Mitchell on a cross-counter to the side of the jaw. It did not reach the vital part aimed at, but the force of the blow was sufficient to send Mitchell to the ground and under the lower rope. Corbett crouched over his prostrate, though conscious foe, man, who was looking at him through a half open left eye. Seconds from both sides bounced inside the roped inclosure, and the confusion was of the most exciting kind.

Referee Kelly tried to force Corbett away from his man, but he was bent on maintaining his position. From Mitchell's corner, shouting "foul" as he ran, came his father-in-law, "Pony" Moore, Jim Hall and Tom Allen. The house was in an uproar. Dempsey, Delaney and Donaldson rushed to the side of their principal and begged him not to hazard the chances of a sure victory by losing on foul. Kelly stood over Mitchell, his face occupied in about equal parts counting the seconds and pawing off Corbett. For eight seconds had elapsed from the time when Mitchell went to grass until he regained his feet in a stooping posture, and Corbett still struggling with his seconds to get at him, fell over on his side and sat on the boards.

It looked like a deliberate invitation for Corbett to commit the foul, and it proved irresistible for the champion. He jumped at his foe, and, swinging his right, struck Mitchell while the latter was still in a sitting posture. He had evidently regretted sending the blow, for as it landed he had so veered its course that instead of being planted firmly it grazed Mitchell's head on top. Again the Mitchell corner sent up a cry of foul, but the referee disallowed it, claiming that it had done no harm. Mitchell fell in on Corbett as he got to his feet to escape another swing, and then "Snapper" Garrison pounded the big gong for time.

Corbett heard it and turned and went to his corner. Instead of going to his, the Englishman bounded for Corbett catching the latter just as he was getting into his chair. It was a right-handed swing and the warnings of Corbett's seconds did not stay it. It landed on Corbett's well-rounded head and glanced off harmlessly to the shoulders. "Foul!" cried Brady, but Corbett shook his head and Mitchell was carried to his corner groggy and worn out with the work of the round.

Third round and the last—The beginning of the end, inaugurated in the previous round, was here brought to a successful finish. Never was man so completely, so signally, and, for a fighter, so disgracefully beaten as was Mitchell in this, probably the last time the Britisher will ever respond to the call of "Center, gentlemen." He came up with his nostrils dilating and his regular teeth set on a mass of coagulated blood, which must have found its way upward from the fearful rashes that had been sent into the heart. Corbett was unscarred. There was not a scratch visible on his face. His hands were holding out in admirable fashion, and he made up his mind to decline issues where they involved punches on the hard surfaces of Mitchell's body.

There were two fights which Corbett wanted to win. One in which a personal resentment was the stake and the other, which carried a good size purse and side wager. The former had already been wiped off the calendar, and Corbett started in to pass on the other. Mitchell was slow in coming up, Corbett going straight for him. Mitchell led his left in an attempt to keep Corbett at arms' length. It was the last lead Mitchell made. Getting inside of the lead, the men clinched, Corbett brushing the alleged strong man off as if he were a boy. As he pushed him away, swift as a flash crossed in the deadly right of the American clear to the jaw. Mitchell went down under the force of the blow. In the fall he swung across

the lower rope, poised there an instant and then slipped off to the roped floor.

Corbett turned about after delivering the blow, and nonchalantly walked to his corner. He sat down and watched the writhing form of his adversary as towering Kelly called off the fateful seconds. Mitchell had not fallen, nor did he remain down to escape punishment this time. The powerful right of the American had landed right; it might have felled an ox as if with a mallet. The idea that Corbett had no punching power, if not already dissipated, vanished six seconds afterward. Mitchell writhed about under the ropes, and finally labored to an upright position. Corbett thought that the fight had already been won.

The referee stood between the recumbent form of Mitchell and Corbett, and when the former struggled dizzily to his feet Kelly stepped aside so as not to obstruct the champion's view, calling his attention to the fact that the Englishman was in a fighting attitude. Corbett leaped from his seat and with a bound flew at Mitchell. The latter was 15 feet away dizzily leaning up against the ropes. Corbett came at him as if out of a catapult. It was a right hand swing which next was brought into play, and it was delivered while at full speed. The added weight of Corbett's own running weight was lent to the blow, and when it landed it fell squarely on the point of the jaw. Mitchell's head fell forward on his breast, his lower jaw dropped, his left hand fell limply to his side, the right falling under his body in the descent. His body reached the floor face downward, and he lay there as lifeless as one dead.

There could be no further doubts. There was not one chance in a thousand that he would recover inside the prescribed 10 seconds. His face turned slightly to the right, and from his mouth and nostrils oozed the blood in tiny streams. Kelly had counted the 10 seconds slowly enough, and in his deliberation about the matter there was much of mercy. When the time had finally run its limit Kelly, with a wave of the hand toward Corbett's corner, shouted: "Corbett wins," at the same time beckoning the seconds of Mitchell to their man.

"Pony" Moore, Jim Hall and Steve O'Donnell stooped down over Mitchell, O'Donnell applying a bottle of ammonia to the nostrils of the Englishman. He lay there despitely this, and the three picked up the limp body and carried it to his corner. Here the bottle was again put to Mitchell, and 19 seconds after the last blow had been sent in, the eyes of the man from England opened dreamily. "Your out," said Pony Moore. Mitchell made no response verbally but shrugged his shoulders as if he was thinking of the spilled milk story. His long English bathing gown was forced over his arms and he was slowly led from the ring to the dressing room.

Corbett, in the meantime was besieged by a crowd of his friends. They fairly wrung off the arms of the victor. His first act after the fight had been won and lost was to throw his still gloved hands about the waist of his little manager and backer, and the two indulged in what sounded very much like a kiss. Kelly shook Corbett by the hand, flourished the \$20,000 roll of bank bills, and told him that it belonged to him on demand and the international battle, which has kept the political world, as well as the fistic world, agog for nearly a year, was over.

After the Fight.

Corbett rested for quarter of an hour in his dressing room, chatting with his friends and expressing his satisfaction with the result. He would have liked to punished Mitchell more, and that was apparently his only regret. After he had dressed again he came to the door of his cabin and touched his head with his hand in compliment to cheers of the crowd. He then re-entered and remained in the cabin for a couple of minutes. Then he appeared again with his coat buttoned up, walked lightly to his carriage and was driven off with the wild shouts of his admirers making sweet music for his ears. The American showed not a trace of punishment.

Mitchell remained in his dressing room resting after Corbett had gone. His face was washed of the blood with which it had been smeared, and he was made ready to leave the city. After Corbett's carriage had rattled down the road, Mitchell came out of his cabin, walking unsupported, and evidently not much hurt and showing no sign of the battle, save a cut in the lip from which the blood had flowed somewhat freely during the brief fight. A crowd watched the Englishman get into his carriage, but there were no cheers of sympathy as his vehicle drove away down the sandy road.

Just as Corbett's carriage was ready to drive off a deputy sheriff got on top with the driver, and the startling announcement was made that the American champion was under arrest. Mitchell did not escape. Sheriff Broward walked over to the Englishman's carriage just before it was ready to start and Mitchell was notified that he must again face the law. The two men were only technically under arrest. They submitted without resistance and friends immediately came to their assistance and provided the security for their release. Mitchell, after being taken to the Everett House by Sheriff Broward, where he was given a bath and rub-down, was taken to the courthouse. With him were Billy Thompson and Colonel Cockrell. The party went to the sheriff's private office and a messenger sent to hunt up Judge Call, before whom habeas corpus proceedings were to be brought in behalf of both pugilists.

Judge Call soon made his appearance and greeted Mitchell cordially, and asked if he was all right. The Englishman answered in the affirmative, and the two sat down to await the arrival of the champion.

Corbett arrived at court in a short time, and took a seat directly opposite

Mitchell. Colonel Cockrell, attorney for the Duval Athletic club, soon came in and read to Corbett the petition for a writ of habeas corpus, alleging illegal arrest and detention.

The lawyers then went into an adjoining room. During their absence a case of similar nature, which had been brought against the fighters and coadjutors on behalf of the county, was dismissed by motion of the county attorney.

After the consultation with Judge Call Corbett and Mitchell were placed under \$5,000 bonds and the remainder of the prisoners under \$2,500 bonds to appear in the criminal court before Judge Phillips to answer to the charges made.

The Two Men Shake Hands.

Corbett and Mitchell shook hands and bridged the chasm between them. It was not a proceeding, however, which was at first relished by the champion. The reconciliation was brought about by the officials of the club when the two fighters stood as companions before the bar of justice. While waiting for the proceedings to begin the men were in the center of different groups.

"Jim, I want you to go with me and shake hands with Mitchell," said Joe Vendig.

"Oh, no, I don't care to do that," replied Corbett. "He has said so many mean things about me that I don't care to make up."

"But you're the winner, and it is your duty," urged Vendig.

"Well, all right, I'll go," finally said Corbett with a shrug of the shoulders and forthwith he walked over to where Mitchell was sitting. Mitchell got up and warmly took the hand that was offered him, and then were explanations. Mitchell said he had often been misquoted, but it was true that he had said mean things of Corbett, but that was when he did not know what kind of a fellow the champion was. Now, he was willing to let bygones be bygones and to admit that he ill-used Corbett, and then referring to the fight said that he had met a better man and had been fairly licked. Then some one came up and interrupted the conversation, but not before the long-existing feud between the men had been settled.

Corbett Receives the Money.

Corbett and his party left the St. James hotel last night at 9 o'clock and went to the zoological garden. It had been arranged to have the winner appear there, and there was a large crowd present. There the purse of \$20,000 was formally turned over to Corbett and acknowledged. Then the champion and his party took a carriage and drove around town, stopping at various places and having an immense cheering throng at their heels wherever they went.

Referee John Kelly left the city last night at 9:30 for the east. It had been given out that he would be arrested for his participation in the alleged violation of the law, and he quietly slipped out of town in order to avoid apprehension.

Los Angeles After the Next Fight.

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 26.—A number of the wealthiest men in this city have formed the Santa Catalina Athletic club, and agreed to offer a purse of \$25,000 for the fight between Corbett and Jackson, the fight to take place on Catalina island, which is situated 20 miles from the mainland.

RECORDS OF THE COMBATANTS

In the Most Important Event in the History of the Prize Ring.

All things considered, the battle between James J. Corbett and Charles Mitchell was the most important event in the annals of the prize ring. It marks a turning point in fistic athletics. Corbett belongs to the new school of scientific boxers, representing perhaps the most advanced ideas in that line of pugilists. Mitchell, while closely allied with the old line, received his earliest impressions and much of his earlier training from the old bare-knuckle boxers, and was reared in that pugilistic worship which was largely responsible for the longevity of the rules of the London prize ring, and for the tardiness with which those of the Marquis of Queensberry crept into public favor on either side of the Atlantic. The fact that the champions of England and America consented to encounter under the latter rules and under the restrictions imposed by the articles of agreement is proof in itself that the new school of pugilism has already crowded the old into the rear.

Cost of the Fight.

This battle was for a purse of \$20,000, offered by the Duval Athletic club of Jacksonville. The club also paid the two pugilists \$2,500 each for training expenses, and erected in East Jacksonville a building in which to "pull off" the fight, the cost of which, including the site privileges, etc., was nearly \$4,000. The traveling and office expenses, together with attorney fees and numerous other items have brought the total cost of the affair up to fully \$40,000.

Corbett.

James J. Corbett was born in San Francisco, Sept. 1, 1866, attended Sacred Heart college in that city, and before he was yet out of school became a member of the Olympic Athletic club, and began devoting his attention to boxing.

He was only 18 when he entered the professional pugilistic field, Dave Eiseaman being his first victim, the contest lasting but two rounds. He defeated Choyinski before the Olympic club in four rounds, and later, on a barge, he put the same pugilist out in 27 rounds.

After this the young Californian constantly added to his laurels until in February, 1890, he gained a national reputation by smothering Kilrain in a six-round bout in New Orleans. With Pete Jackson that summer he fought 61 rounds at San Francisco, when, both men being physically unable to continue, the referee declared a draw.

On the night of Sept. 7, 1892, at the

Olympic club of New Orleans, Corbett acquired the title of American champion by defeating John L. Sullivan in the 21st round. The stake was \$30,000 and the purse \$30,000. This was the first American championship contest ever fought with gloves and under Marquis of Queensberry rules.

Mitchell.

Charles Mitchell was born in Birmingham, Nov. 24, 1861, and is as much an Irishman as he is an Englishman, both of his parents being Celts.

His first fight was at the age of 17, with Bob Cunningham, whom he defeated in 50 minutes, walking away with a £50 stake.

In 1882 he carried off the boxing championship of England in Billy Madden's London competition. Coming to America he defeated Mike Cleary.

On May 23, 1883, he met John L. Sullivan in a boxing match at Madison Square garden, and in the third round succeeded in knocking the then American champion down, when Captain Williams stepped in and stopped the contest.

Later came the much disputed bout with Dominick McCaffrey, in which the latter got the decision and then Sullivan's disappointment, he failing to keep his engagement with the Englishman at Madison Square garden.

At Chantilly, France, on March 10, 1888, occurred his famous fight with Sullivan for £500 sterling aside, the contest ending in a draw at the close of the 39th round.

Since then Mitchell has given many exhibitions, but never until the present time has he been matched with any pugilist of his class in a notable battle.

BOMB IN BARCELONA.

A Dynamite Explosion in Which Two Persons Are Killed and Several Injured.

BARCELONA, Jan. 26.—A dynamite explosion took place yesterday in the harbor works. Two persons were killed and several others injured. The outrage is attributed to anarchists.

As the civil governor was entering his carriage at the entrance to the prefecture, a workman mason fired a pistol at his head and wounded the governor in the face. The governor's secretary promptly seized the assailant who loudly proclaimed himself an anarchist. He had an accomplice in his attempt at murder, but this man in the excitement, escaped. The bullet lodged in the upper part of the left jaw of the civil governor.

The assailant is named Morill. He repudiated any intention to commit murder, but it is generally believed that his act was out of revenge for the part which the governor took in the prosecution of Pallas and other anarchists. Morill admits that he lay in wait a full hour for the governor on the day previous.

PECKHAM'S ENEMIES

Insert His Name in an Anti-Catholic Association.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—Several senators have received through the mails a small green pamphlet of the National League for the Protection of American Institutions. The objects of the association are "to secure constitution and legislative safeguards for the protection of the common school system and other American institutions, and to promote public instruction in harmony with such institutions, and to prevent all sectarian and denominational appropriations of public funds."

As the language clearly indicates, the association has an anti-Catholic tendency. In the list of members composing the law committee of the association appears the name of Wheeler H. Peckham.

In the copies of the pamphlet shown at the Capitol, Mr. Peckham's name appears to have been printed in the list after the book had left the press, as it differs from the remainder in respect to the color of the ink used, and there is a faint suspicion in the minds of some that the insertion of the name in the list of officers of the association is the work of enemies living in New York.

NEED OF AGENCIES OUTGROWN.

Twelve Indian Posts Recommended For Abolishment.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—The house committee on Indian affairs was addressed by Thomas Donaldson, special agent of the census bureau, who has investigated the conditions of life among the Indian tribes and who recommends the abolition of 12 agencies.

Those which he would abolish are the six nations of New York, Eastern Cherokees of North Carolina, Lapwai of Idaho, Pueblo of New Mexico, Round Valley of California, Hoopa Valley of California, Siletz of Oregon, Umatilla of Oregon; all agencies in Washington, viz., Colville, Neah Bay, Puyallup, Tulalip and Yakama; Quapaw of Indian Territory, Osage of Oklahoma, Sac and Fox of Iowa; all agencies in Minnesota and all in Wisconsin.

Some of these agencies were recommended to be abolished 10 or 15 years ago; some of the Indians are nearly civilized, and the duties of agents, Mr. Donaldson thinks, could be performed by inspectors from the Indian office.

Chicago Alderman Shot.

CHICAGO, Jan. 26.—Alderman Jeremiah Mulvihill was shot and fatally wounded in a West Side saloon last night. Mike Fewer, who fired the fatal shot, is locked up and his victim is at the Presbyterian hospital, where it is thought he will die within a few hours. Fewer was drunk at the time, and beyond this no reason is known why he committed the crime.

Affairs in Brazil.

RIO JANEIRO, Jan. 26.—The insurgents occupy a strongly fortified position on Mocangue island. The rebel warship Aquidaban enters and leaves the bay of Rio at the pleasure of its commander. The government forts are powerless to prevent the movements of the Aquidaban.